THE SKYSCRAPER

p. even, it means so much.

marvel at it when I think of the ern end of a private wire.

Iron horse. I hear them chatter of distance, and my mind turns to the gan to come in hot from the presiannihilator. I hear them brag of ships and I think of the ship that ploughs the mountains and rivers and plains. And when they talk of speed--what there quickly. can I think of but her?

they were massive, yet so simple you prices offering, hauled night and day. could draw them, like the needle snout of a collie, to a very point.

oint lookd supple, as she swept magpanting in front of us.

Foley was in the cab. He had been East on a layoff and so happened to bring in the new monster, wild, from the river shops.

She was built in Pennsylvania, but the fellows on the Missouri end of flew safely be put into our hands until they had stopped it en route and looked

Neighbor, gloating silently over the

"Cool as an icebox," said Foley, awinging down. "She's a regular sum. mer resort. Little stiff on the hills

Neighbor, climbing into the cab to ers under him.

"I grew dizzy once or twice looking for the ponies." declared Foley, biting off a piece of tobacco, as he hitched at his overalls. "She looms like a sky. scraper. Say, Neighbor, I'm to get her myself, ain't I?" asked Foley, with

When McNeal gets through with her, yes," returned Neighbor gruffly, her a thimble of steam and trying the air. 'What!" cried Foley, affecting sur-

"I am," returned the master mechanic unfeelingly, and he kept his

Georgie McNeal, just reporting for rod, was invited to take out the skyscraper-488. Class H-as she was listed, and Dad Hamilton of course

took the scoop to fire her. going," grumbled Foley.

fireman. It was a new thing with us expected to stretch our little resources then, a fellow with a slice bar to tickle to the uttermost. the grate, and Dad of course kicked. He always kicked. If they had raised the despatcher. his salary he would have kicked. Neighbor wasted no words. He simply

Very likely you know that a new [

had sort of taken the kid engineer under his wing, and it was pretty generally understood that any one who elbowed Georgie McNeal must reckon together, as much like chums as a ery young engineer and a very old

jealous as a cat of Hamilton, because he had brought Georgie out West and felt a sort of guardian interest in that quarter himself. Really, anybody would love Georgie McNeal; old Dad Hamilton was proof enough of that.

getting their checks cashed. Presently trial army, while Europe, our parent the two stepped over to the money came away with a money order.

up to speak to me. Part of it goes there every month, Mr. Reed." he smiled. "Checks are

running light, too, now-eh, dad?" "A young fellow like you ought to end of the first score of years of its putting money away in the bank," history. It was incorporated by a

Well, you see I have a bank back in Pennsylvania-a bank that is now 60 years old, and getting gray headed, I haven't sent her much since I've Twenty-fourth street. been on the relief, so I'm trying to make up a little now for my old

"Where does yours go, Dad?" I

"Me?" answered the old man, eva-"I've got a boy back East; sively. getting to be a big one, too. He's in school. When are you going to give us a passenger run with the Sky- heads. scraper, Neighbor?" asked Hamilton, turning to the master mechanic.

the high line, out of the way," replied where it was in close touch with the enough to move it, and I get a wire but a humanitarian desire to inauguabout every six hours to move it faster. rate a more effective and comprehen-Every siding's blocked, clear to Bel-grade. How many of those 60,000 sive safety campaign among the great pound cars can you take over Beverly

Hill with your Skyscraper?" He was asking both men. The engineer looked at his chum. "I reckon maybe thirty-five or " said McNeal. "Eh. Dad?"

"Maybe, son," growled Hamilton; "I gave you a helper once and you

for me-not while I'm drawing full told in plain, simple language, demontime." Dad frowned.

and within a week she was doing the sanitation in the home. work of a double header.

It was May, and a thousand miles and hints and the big exhibit halls east of us. in Chicago, there was are just a step from the sidewalk trouble in the wheat pit on the Board. This is the initial step of the muwhat queer things that wheat scramble tling life of the business and manufacgave rise to, affecting Georgie McNeal turing area of the city. and old man Hamilton and a lot of The museum has issued several

in a group watching for her this was the way of it:

to speed around the Nar- A man sitting in a little office on

rows. Many locomotives as La Salle street wrote a few words on I have seen and ridden, a new one a very ordinary looking sheet of paper is always a wonder to me; chokes me and touched a button. That brought a p. even, it means so much.

Colored boy, and he took the paper out to a young man, who sat at the east-

Trainmen, elevator men, superinten As the new engine rolled into the yards my heart beat quicker. Her lines were too imposing to call strong: Every old tub we had in the shops and on the scrap was overhauled and Every bearing looked precise, every hustled into the service. The division danced with excitement. Every bushel nificently up and checked herself, of wheat on it must be in Chicago by the morning of May 81.

For two weeks we worked every thing to the limit; the Skyscraper led any two engines on the line. Even Dad Hamilton was glad to cry enough and take a helper. We doubled them every day, and the way the wheat over the line toward the lower end our line thought nothing could ever of Lake Michigan was appalling to speculators.

It was a battle between two comover.
"How does she run. Foley?" asked death. It shook not alone the country, it shook the world; but that was nothing to us; our orders were simply to move the wheat. And the wheat moved.

The last week found us pretty well cleaned up; but the high price brought "We'll take that out of her," mused grain out of cellars and wells, the buyers said-at least it brought all the look her over. "Boys, this is up in a hoarded wheat, and much of the seed balloon." he added, pushing his big wheat, and the twenty-eighth day of head through the cab window and the month found fifty cars of wheat peering down at the ninety inch driv- still in the Zanesville yards. I was at Harvard working on a time card when the word came, and behind it a special from the general manager, stating there was \$1,000 premium in it for the company, besides tariff, if we got that wheat into Chicago by Saturday morn-

The train end of it didn't bother me any; it was the motive power that kept me studying. However, we figured that by running McNeal with the Skyscraper back wild we could put all the wheat behind her in one train. "You going to give her to the As it happened Neighbor was at Harvard, too.

"Can they ever get over Beverly with fifty, Neighbor?" I asked doubt-

"We'll never know till they try it." growled Neighbor. "There's a thouwork after the session in his cab sand for the company if they do, that's with the loose end of a connecting all. How'll you run them? Give them plenty of sea room; they'll have to gallop to make it."

Cool and reckless planning, taking the daring chances, straining the flesh "They get everything good that's and blood, driving the steel loaded to ing," grumbled Foley.

"They are good people," retorted meant. But the company wanted results; wanted the prestige, and the

Neighbor wasted no words. He simply over every wheel against them. If they can't make it on that kind of schedule, it isn't in the track."

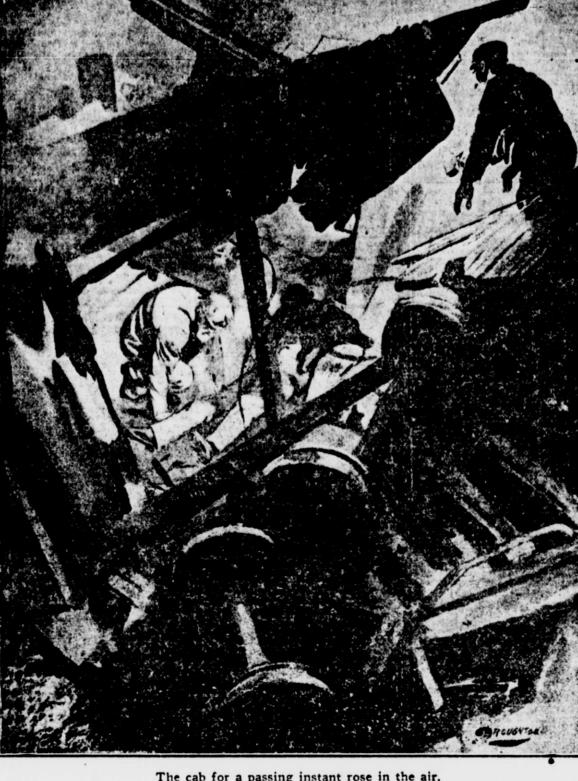
despatcher's office across the hall, figured out that the wheat train would the company just \$11,000, tolls most immediately I heard the long and premium.

engine must be regularly broken, as sending a train of wheat through on a erly Hill," growled Neighbor with a a horse is broken, before it is ready fassenger schedule, practically as the qualm.

for steady hard work. And as Georgie second section of our eastbound filer; On the

kept the wires busy warning all opera-

The flier, the first section and regu- o'clock. The first 4, our flier, pulled miles east-"and she ought to be on



The cab for a passing instant rose in the air.

McNeal was not very strong yet he but we took the hair lifting chances on the plains.

On the despatched a sort of panorama, I watched the big the east, train whirl past station after station. "What For two months it was a picnic.
Light runs and easy layovers. After the smash at the Narrows Hamilton the small the McNeal, whose nerve and brain were tors and trainmen, even switch engines guiding the tremendous load, was and yard masters, of the wheat special breaking records with very milestone.

They were due in Harvard at 9 from the junction"-which was two burning eye of the big engine.

I studied a minute, then turned to scraper and fifty loads of wheat, reported out at 3:10. While we worked patchers up in their office smoking.

Neighbor and I sat with the despatcher.

Neighbor and I sat with the despatcher struck him. "She'll never take a sidentification of the struck him." "Tell Norman to send them out as on our time card. Neighbor, in the second 4: that gives the right of way despatcher's office across the hall, fig. West, and looking at my watch I main track. What's her orders?" he demanded furiously.

schedule, it isn't in the track."

It was extraordinary business rather

and premium.

"If it doesn't break in two on Bev-scraper whistling for the upper yard. "She's coming!" I exclaimed. The boys crowded to the window: but Neighbor happened to glance to

"What's that coming in from the savagely, jumping to the west window.

'That's 55." "Fifty-five takes the long siding in

Neighbor jumped as if a bullet had

"Meeting orders for first 4 at Redbud, second 4 here, 78 at Glencoe. Great Jupiter!' cried the despatcher, and his face went sick and scared "they've forgotten second 4." "They'll think of her a long time

Her head shot that instant around the coal chutes, less than a mile away, and 55 going dead against her. I stood like one palsied, my eyes glued on the less, before they found any one; then

eyes were his eyes and my thoughts But red signals now-te stop her-

brains or pluck count for now with him where he lay?

girl right into the teeth of it? deadly nausea seized me. Unable to mightly. avert the horrible blunder. I saw its

ideous results. Darkness hid the worst of the sight; t was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles from where the two engines reared in awful shock jumped in their cribs at that crash. Fifty-five's little engine barely checked the Skyscraper: She split it ke a banana. frantic horse and leaped fearfully

liere was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam; the windows crashed about our ears and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below. came through the heavy sash and down on the despatcher's table like a brickbat, and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The floor heaved; freight cars slid In the height of the confusion an oil tank in the yard took fire and threw a yellow glare on the ghastly scene.

I saw men get up and fall again to their knees; I was shivering and wet with sweat. The stairway was crushed into kindling wood. I climbed out a back window, down on the roof of the freight platform and so to the ground. less and aimless; men were beside themselves. They plunged through wheat up to their knees at every step.

All at once, above the frantic hissing of the buried Skyscraper and the wild calling of the car tinks. I heard the stentorian tones of Neighbor, mounted on a fwisted truck, organizing the men at hand into a wrecking gang. Soon people began running up the where the Sky-Scraper lay. like another Samson, prostrate in the midst of the destruction it had, wrought. Foremost among the excited men covered with dirt and blood stag-

gered Dad Hamilton.
"Where's McNeal?" cried Neighbor Hamilton pointed to the wreck. "Why didn't he jump?" yelled Neighbor.

Hamilton pointed at the twisted signal tower; the red light still burned

"You changed the signals on him. he cried, savagely, "What does it mean? We had rights against every thing. What does it mean?" he raved. in a frenzy.

Neighbor answered him never word; he only put his hand on Dad's shoulder. "Find him first! Find him!" he re

peated with a strain in his voice never heard till then; and the two giants hurried away together. When I reached the Skyscraper.

buried in the thick of the smash, roar-It seemed an hour, though it was much they brought out Fifty-five's fireman. Neighbor found him. But his bac

McNears head out of the cab window.

He always rode bareheaded if the tered beams—in and around and over night was warm, and I knew it was he; but suddenly, like a flash, his head shouting as they groped, listening for "Poor Musgrave!" he added, speaks. went in. I knew why as well as if my word or cry or gasp.

By Frank H. Spearman

his thoughts. He had seen red signals ferent cry—one that meant every- both. Hard lines, but I'd rather have where he had every right to look for thing; and the wreckers, turning like it that was, I guess, if I was wrong. beavers through a dozen blind trails. Eh, Dad?" gathered all close to the big fireman. to pull her flat on her haunches like a He was under a great piece of the cab bronco? Shake a weather flag at a where none could follow, and he was crying for a bar.

I saw the fire stream from her They passed him a bar; other men. drivers; I knew they were churning careless of life and limb, tried to in the sand; I knew he had twenty air crawl under and in to him, but he cars behind him sliding. What of it? warned them back. Who but a man Two thousand tons were sweeping baked twenty years in an engine cab forward like an avalanche. What did could stand the steam that poured on the night before on his back the

Neighbor, just outside, flashing a light, heard the labored strain of his at know how the other men breathing, saw him getting half up, felt. As for me my breath choked in bend to the bar, and saw the iron give my throat, my knees shook and a like lead in his hands as he pried Neighbor heard and told me long

afterward how the old man flung the bar away with an imprecation and cried for one to help him; for a minute meant a life now-the boy lying pinned under the shattered cab was roasting in a jet of live steam. The master mechanic crept in.

By signs Dad told him what to do, and then, getting on his knees, crawled straight into the dash of the white jet-crawled into it, and got the cab on his shoulders.

Crouching an instant the giant muscles of his back set in a tremendous effort. The wreckage snapped and groaned, the knotted legs slowly and painfully straightened, the cab for a passing instant rose in the air and Georgie McNeal from out the vise of death, and passed him, like a pinch into the depot like battering rams. bar, to the men waiting next behind. Dad." Then Neighbor pulled Dad back, blind

now and senseless. When they got the old fireman out he made a pitiful struggle to pull himself together. He matter I don't talk about much. My tried to stand up, but the sweat broke father had trouble back there fifteen Neighbor's feet. That was the saving of Georgie Mc-

We put him on the cot at the hospital next to his engineer. Georgie, all of a sudden he disappeared and dreadfully bruised and scalded, came we never heard of him from that day doctor said Dad had wrenched a ten- stuck to it, knew something there a very sick and very old man long after the engineer was up and around telling of his experience.

defined it."

Trembling like a leaf Dad raised up on his elbow. "What's your

"When we cleared the chutes I saw mame?"
white signals, I thought," he said name?"
to me at Dad's bedside. "I knew we had the right of way over everything.

but the right of way over everything. It was a hustle, anyway, on that schedule We hustle, anyway, on that told you once, to go out on a strike suchedule. Mr. Reed; you know that, an with hustle with our load. awful hustle with our load.

"I never choked her a notch to run the yards; didn't mean to do it with the junction grade to climb just ahead of us. But I looked out again and by hokey! I thought I'd gone crazy, got color blind-red signals! "Of course I thought I must have

been wrong the first time I looked. I choked her, I threw the air, I the old man raised him grasped Georgie's hands.

"Son," he graved to the never felt it! I couldn't figure how we were wrong, but there was the red "Of course I know you. I

light. I yelled, 'Jump. Dad!' and he the matter with you? Lie down yelled, 'Jump, son!' Didn't you, Dad? "Boy, I'm your own father. Many own father. o jump and my engine going full had the trouble-Georgie." He chok against a red lamp. Not much.

head. When she struck it was biff, grasped the gray haired man in his and she jumped about twenty feet up arms. ing like a volcano, the pair were al- straight. She didn't? Well, it seemed When I dropped in an Beverly Hill.

"Did you ever buck snow with a rotary, Mr. Reed? Well, that was

ing of the engineer of 55, who was Soon we heard Dad's voice in a dif- instantly killed. "He and the fireman

> Even after Georgie went to work Dad lay in the hospital. We knew he would never shovel coal again. It cost him his good back to lift Georgie loose, so the surgeon told us, and I could believe it, for when they got the jacks under the cab next morning and Neighbor told the wrecking gang that Hamilton alone had lifted it six inches wrecking boss fairly snorted at the statement, but Hamilton did. just the

same. "Son." muttered Dad one night to Georgie, sitting with him. "I want you to write a letter for me.

"Sure. "I've been sending money to my bay, back East," explained Dad feebly. "I' told you he's in school." "I know, Dad."

"I haven't been able to send any since I've been by, but I'm going to send some when I get my relief

you to kind of explain why."
"What's his first name. Dad. and where does he live?" "It's a lawyer that looks after him

a man that 'tends to my business back there.

"Well, what's his name?" "Scaylor-Ephraim Scaylor."

"Scaylor?" echoed Georgie in amazement. "Yes. Why, do you know him?"
"Why, that's the man mother and
I had so much trouble with. I wouldn't

write to that man. He's a rascal

"What did he ever do to you and your mother?" "I'll tell you, Dad, though it's a

over him and he sank in a heap at or sixteen years ago. He was running an engine and had a wreck; there were some passengers killed Neal, and out there they will still The despatcher managed to throw the tell you about that lift of Dad Hamil- blame on father and they indicted him for manslaughter. "He pretty near went crazy, and

on fast in spite of his hurts. But the to this. But this man Scaylor, mother don in that frightful effort, and he lay where father was, only he always

"When we cleared the chutes I saw mother's name, son? What's you

only a kid, and we were all black listed. So I used my middle nar McNeal; my full name is George Mc Neal Sinclair."

The old fireman made a painful effort to sit up, to speak, but he choked His face contracted, and Georgie rose the old man raised himself up and "Son," he gasped to the astonished

"He jumped, but I wasn't ever going name is David Hamilton Sinclair, rainst a red lamp. Not much. up like a child and Georgie MoNea
"I kind of dodged down behind the went white and scared, then be

Then it was biff, biff, biff, they were talking hysterically one after another. With that train was explaining how he had be behind her she'd have gone through sending money to Scaylor every month, and Georgie was conthat neither he nor his mother ha ever seen a cent of it. fact overshadowed all the villiany th night; father and son were united and happy and a message had al-Georgie to his mother, telling her the good news.

"And that indictment was wiped ou long ago against father," said Georgie to me; "but that rascal Scavlor writing him for money to fight it will and to pay for my schooling-and the promotion of hygiene and the was the kind of schooling I was get ting all the time. Wouldn't that kill

> I couldn't sleep till I had hunted up Neighbor and told him about and next morning we wired transpor out on.

Less than a week afterward a gen tle little old woman stepped filer at Zanesville, and into the arms of Georgie Sinclair. A smart rig was in waiting, to which her son ? er, and they were driven rapidly to the hospital. When they entered the old fireman's room together the nurse softly closed the door behind th But when they sent for No and me, I suppose we were biggest foois in the hospital.

to look unconscious of all we

the faces of the group at Dad's bed He never got his old strength back yet Neighbor fixed him out, for that. The Skyscraper, once was so badly stove that we make hope of restoring her for a pa run. So Neighbor built het a sort of a dub engine for s stubs and so on, and though vowed long ago, when units demned, that he would neve touch a throttle, we got him to the Skyscraper and the Acton run

And when Georgie, who takes climbs into Dad's cab, shoves th gentleman aside, and shoots at the yard in the rejuvenated s scraper at hair raising rate of 5

After a while the old engine got s full of alkali that Georgie gave new name-Soda Water Sal hangs to her yet. We thoug best of her had gone in the H wreck, but there came a tim Dad and Soda Water Sal showed us we were very much mistaken Copyright, 1910, by Frank H. Spear-

Mysterious Dog Poisoner

FORT WORTH, Tex. June 19 - Myster ous dog haters came to cleansing the 1,200 blo avenue of its last dog the candy into the yard at

for sweets, are this candy and rolled over in convulsions. Raw eggs and oil swed its life. Meanwhile owners of the dogs unable to find out who killed them.

with his doughty old fireman. So the lar passenger train, was checked out in and out on time, meeting 55, the it right now," added the despatcher, light I caught a glimpse of Georgie was broken. Back again they wormed about it, even to the rolling and heav-They talked together, walked together, roley was as AMERICAN MUSEUM OF

diligently studying and applying adhered to it has been shown that service. One evening just after pay day I ways and means of protecting the accidents can be reduced 50 per cent. The library of the American Mu- award of its five annual medals, each or corporation producing and gaw the pair in the post office lobby lives and bodies of her great indus- in less than a year.

in civilization, is striving for newer departments each one being in charge graphs, lantern slides and special restitution, are a testimonial that the ductive industry or other avocations. and surer means of ending the lives "Is that where you leave your of her men by hundreds and thouwealth, Georgie?" I asked, as he came sands. The first organization in the field for safety was the American Museum of Safety, which is now approaching the

special charter from the Legislature of

the State of New York and is now located at its new home, 14-18 West The museum is fundamentally a clearing house for worthy devices, for every worthy thought for safety, for simple, practical and efficient safety methods and a stimulus for the inventing of new safety devices. It is supported entirely by private contributions and represents the united

can industrialists, scientists and labor It was located for many years in the United Engineering Society's "Soon as we get this wheat, up on Building, 29 West Thirty-ninth street, "We haven't half engines big factors in the engineering world, army of workers of New York city prompted it to move to its new quarters, which are in the heart of the great factory district and where it is hoped the gospel of safety and prevention will be brought to the attention of

thousands. Arrangements are being made for noon hour lectures where the workers sicked him off the tender," retorted can profitably spend a portion of their noonday period instead of congregat-"Don't want anybody raking ashes ing on street corners. They will be strated with stereopticon and moving But the upshot of it was that we pictures, about shop safety and saniput the Skyscraper at hauling wheat, tation as well as safety, hygiene and windows contain practical exhibits You would hardly suspect seum's invasion of the crowded, hus-

other fellows away out on a railroad, editions of a booklet called "Yard and

American culture and ideals that

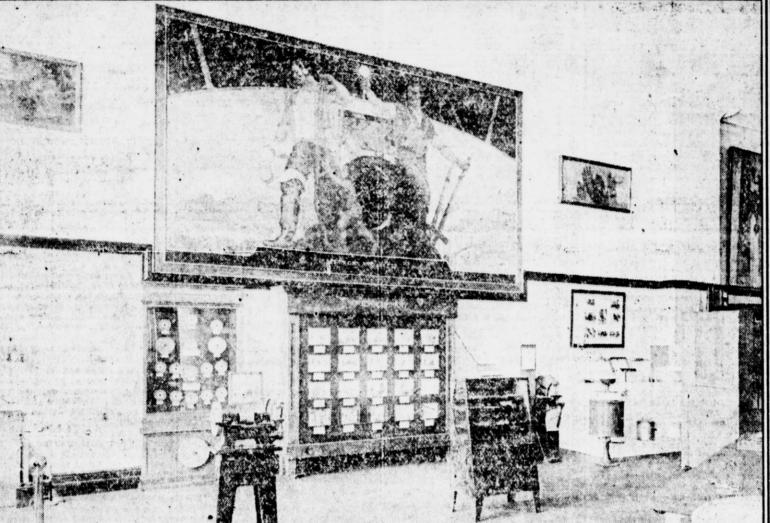
Americans should at this time be diligently studying and applying

nished to railroads and mills for distance dists in the particular branch of work which comes under their juris
the suggestions in this little book are dection and all rendering voluntary

nished to railroads and mills for distance d

seum of Safety contains the most of which is a recognition of achieve-

American Museum of Safety is the medal, which is given to the individual



A corner of the Safety Exhibit at the new home of the America n Museum of Satety,

hibiting in the museum a perfected The work of the American Museum comprehensive and highly specialized ment in its own field. These medals, device of utility which best conserves of Safety is divided into a number of collection of books, pamphlets, photo-

founded and perpetuated by Dr. Seaman, is for progress and achievement mitigation of occupational disease. The Travellers Insurance Company medal is awarded to the American employer who has achieved greatly in protecting the lives and limbs of work-

The E. H. Harriman memorial nedal, created by Mrs. E. H. Harriman in memory of her husband, is given annually to an American steam ailroad which during the year was he most successful in protecting the lives and health of its employees and The A. N. Brady memorial medal. created by the heirs in memory of the late Anthony N. Brady, is given to the American electric railway

which for the year of the award shall have done the most to conserve the safety and health of the public and its employees. Both the E. H. Harriman and the A. N. Brady medals have replicas in silver and bronze. The silver medal is given to the member of the administrative staff, such as a manager or a division superintendent, and the bronze medal to the individual employee—he may be a conductor, brakeman, yardman or signalman-who by their achievement in behalf of safety shall be recognized as standing out above their fellows. In the last award of the A. N. Brady medals the bronze medal went to Henry V. Neal, a mechanic in the shops of the Boston Elevated Rattwhile the last winner of the E. H. Hapriman bronze medal was Daniel J. Cassin, an engineer of the New

There are seven vice-presidents of the American Museum of Safety: Judge Elbert H. Gary, Prof. Frederick R. Hutton, Dr. Charles Kirchhoff, Dr. George F. Kunz, T. Commerford Martin, Dr. William H. Nichols and B. B. Thayer. James Speyer is treasurer; Dr. William H. Tolman, who is widely known for his safety activities, is to director; William J. Moran, secretary, and Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman, statistician. The trustees are A. A. Anderson, Dr. Norman R. Ditman, Philip T. Dodge, Dr. Charles A. Doremus, Robert A. Franks, George Gilmour, Mrs. Mary W. Harriman, Dr. Fred-Prof. Frederick R. Hutton, Dr. George ford Martin, William J. Moran, Fred E. Rogers, Dr. Louis L. Seaman, A! bert R. Shattuck, James Speyen Dr. William H. Tolman, Henry D. Whitfield and Arthur Williams.

erick L. Hoffman, Albert A. Hopkins, former Assistant Police Chief A St F. Kunz, Edson S. Lott, T. Commer-ford Martin, William J. Moran, Fred. The dog, which has a spec-